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outpost



outpost

volume 10 number 11
May 16, 1974

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From the Editor

We at outpost decided to concentrate on the theme of Taoism, a Chinese philosophical and religious system emphasizing nature, in our special color issue.

There cannot be a better way to portray nature's beautiful creation and colorful existence than through the use of color photography.

Senior Graphic Communication majors Bai DiPasquale and Tom May donated their time to expose to help make color a reality. This outpost serves as part of Tom's Senior Project. He says that with the press documentation that he's doing, the students who print the paper (the Web Division) will hopefully be able to bring about a higher quality of color process printing for future publications. The process begins with a transparent slide and terminates as output rolls off the press.

Mark Katayama and his photography staff literally worked night and day last week processing and preparing their color transparencies for Tom and Bai.

And not to be outdone, campus writers have attributed long hours of interviewing people and researching their subjects to the final formulation of their articles appear here.

This issue is certainly a combined effort of the entire outpost staff and the Senior Communication majors.

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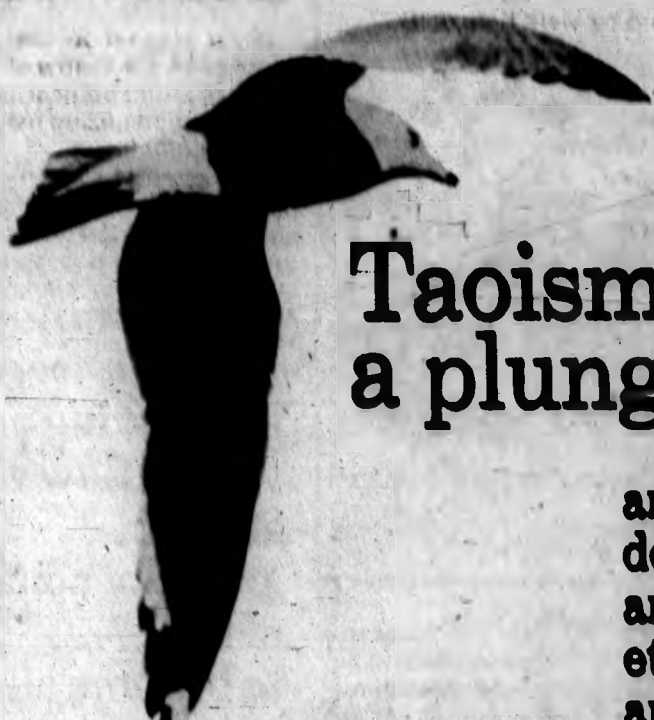
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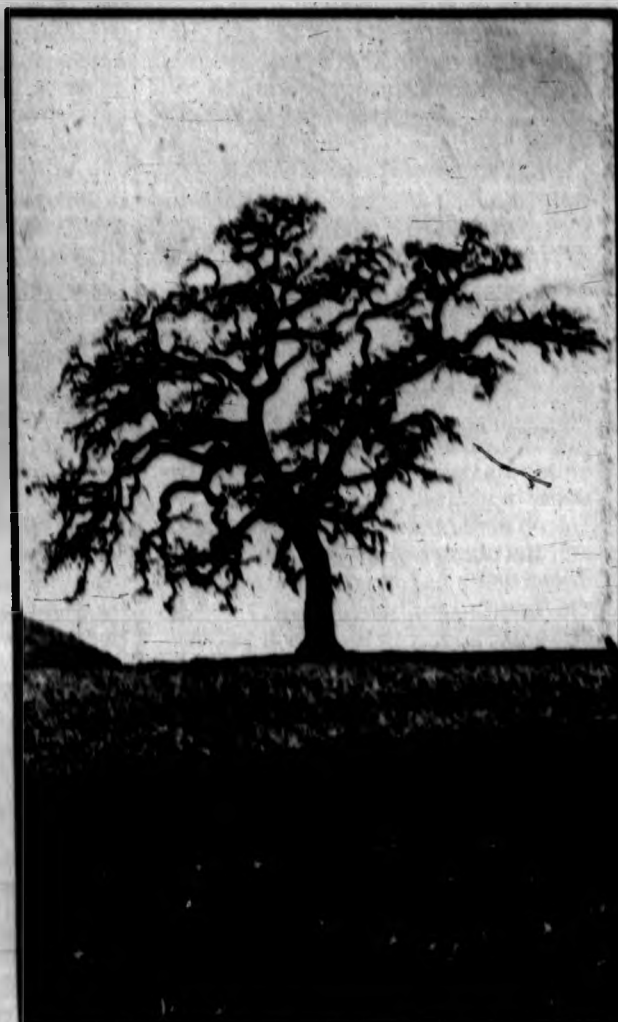
by Janine Tartaglia
photos and poem by Mark Katayama

Taoism, a plunge into nature

**and when the world gets you
down,
and when the boredom is
eternal,
and people don't seem to care
anymore,**



**close your eyes and open
your mind to
you.
let the wind surround you,
allow the sun's radiance to
influence your soul,
and the earth to touch the
essence of your existence.**





Oh, if I only had the time....to see the central coastline from atop San Luis Mountain, hear the leaves skipping across sidewalks, smell the salty freshness of a secluded beach, or touch the sticky threads of a dewy spider's web.

Ever catch your senses tearing you away from term papers, work and worries, then sending your mind off on a peaceful, nature-filled journey?

Mark Katayama has.

That's why this 22-year-old Photojournalism major suggested that outpost lie in the beauty of nature surrounding Cal Poly for its color issue. And with a keen eye behind a trusty Nikon, and a discerning vocabulary steering a flair pen, he set out to compose its introductory pictures and prose.

Mark's appreciation for nature might have stemmed from his childhood in a smog-smothered southland city.

More likely than not, Mark will tell you the concern for his surroundings really began when he adopted the Tao (pronounced Dow) philosophy.

"Tao suggests that a person work with nature, rather than against it," Mark explains, groping for the words to describe the ancient Chinese belief. "Though not a religion, Tao reverently proposes the idea that nature provides for everything without discrimination and, like nature, man should treat all men and things as equals."

Aside from offering principles to live by, Taoism teaches Mark to be more aware of nature around him. The hills and nearby shores of San Luis County provide him with an excellent opportunity to try out the awareness.

The minute he set foot on this campus, Mark admits he was overcome by its royal blue skies, Kelly green hills and toned-down tempo.

"Perhaps," Mark sighs, "that's one of the assets that draws people to this university."

It would be nice to think so, but all too often a student spends four years at Poly without becoming familiar with anything outside the perimeter of the route to school from his apartment.

This outpost issue is not just for agriculture majors who, with their tractors and plows frequently come into contact literally with nature, or the archies who must blend their designs with the environment. It's for everyone who has ever taken time out of their daily routine to find peace in the earth's natural offerings.

Nature is not just "Serutan" spelled backwards, or a jar of tranquilizers that can be capped and put away when not needed. To Mark Katayama, the wonders of nature are alive and well everyday in the life of a Cal Poly student, if he chooses to appreciate it. □

harmonize with
their music to
become one with
nature.

as your thoughts
drift into a deeper
reality.

choose the path
that permits you
the most freedom,
thus giving you the
way to flow with the
stream,

and to become part
of it,

to become all of it.
experience nature's
peace,

know of her love,
and begin to live
your life, forever.



Pozo

hickin' through

photos by Mary Russell



Someday when you have a little time, take a drive past Santa Margarita, through Rinconada Ghost Town, beyond civilization, and back into the past...to a place called Pozo.

Today it's really not much. Just a couple of buildings left from a tiny village built almost one hundred years ago. Pozo is located about eighteen miles southeast of Santa Margarita as it was in 1880.

At that time it consisted of a schoolhouse, a store, a blacksmith shop, a sort of hotel, a saloon, and a hall. The small rustic saloon is still standing.

It is an anachronism in a modern age... a time capsule. As you step into the Pozo Saloon you step back into the past. An entire pictorial and

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artifactual history of San Luis
Obispo county adorns the walls of
this Old West bar.

Pozo Saloon serves as a meeting
place for many of the town's old
folks who tell some interesting
tales. Visitors also frequent the
and come to Pozo for a picture
window view of the San Jose
Valley.

This valley was visited in the
latter part of June, 1870, by Walter
Murray, then editor of the
San Luis Obispo Tribune. Murray
enjoyed his trip to Pozo and the
valley surrounding it so much that
he published a feature article about
the area in his paper. In a paragraph
describing the natural environment
he writes:

"This place once bore the
dignified title of 'Rancho' instead
'valley'.....The situation is
and the climate is very fine,
especially for those inclined to
trouble. The soil is everybody
wants to see the scenery, the
land and to experience the weather and air
ought to be a health resort for
patients in the San Luis Obispo
Jose Valley. It's one of the
places we ever saw."

Ten years after Murray
this feature story about the
Jose Valley another writer
on the conditions of the area
1880:

"This little valley has
herself out in a robe of emerald
green, dotted here and there
thousands of parti-colored
and the varied landscape, seen
by dark and rugged mountains
in beauty with any other valley
whole of lovely San Luis."

This magnificent view still
around the tiny town of Pozo
Together Pozo and her natural
surroundings remain as a
step back into the past.

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Seascapes

by Michael Ruskovich
photos by Rondi Wald

The damn ferris wheel isn't even moving. The streets are silent except for the sea breezes that wipe down them; sweeping them with the fish-smelly pages of yesterday's newspaper the market boys used for wrapping cod guts.

Santa Cruz is silent. The carnival is a cadaver. The boardwalk is empty and the waves of the ocean sing a hush-a-bye lullaby to the city as it slips into its autumn school-days hybernation.

They've all gone home. The happy summer faces that contorted merrily with the speed of the roller coaster have all gone back to bed in some home-town in the central valley or some other place isolated from the soothing wearing motion of the sea. It's damn lonely here when the summer leaves and the lights die. The roller coaster is a long, mechanical snake, resting. Relieved of human weight, it has shed its summer skin.

The sand that oozes between his toes, the way it squished through the toes of so many feet that summer, is as cold and impersonal as the empty surroundings.

But there is something serene about the midnight beach and the dimmed lights and the littering of once empty wine bottles filled with dark ocean water where the tide came in to consume them. The sea has a melting quality, a mellowing, cleansing quality that prepares him for the less-mellow-dirty-room-dirty-dock-dirty-mind like of a college student. He knows how hectic the coming week will be and, despite the loneliness of the beach, he languishes in it's peace.

Santa Cruz by starlight. Perhaps he'd write a novel here. Or a short story. Well, maybe just a poem. Ah, to hell with it. Those things are better left for tomorrow. It's back to Cal Poly and goodbye Santa Cruz. Anyway, the beach is lonely and lovely and that damn ferris wheel isn't even moving.

8 All day long the beach was filled with people, clinging to the final

remnants of a dying Indian summer. She sat there watching the New Jersey lifeguards slice the crowds into clusters of half-submerged bodies, as if they were just a bunch of dim-witted salt water sheep or something.

The Steel Pier protrudes into the Night Ink of the Atlantic Ocean, and the lights of Atlantic City form a dome of neon in the northern sky.

In a day or two, Ocean City will be a sleepy village and Somers Point a small town. The vibrating discotheques will settle into the sand and sleep with the softer

music of the sea. The playboys and party-people will be back in Philly, losing their tans in the pale light of daily routine. Soon the resort will be a rest home.

She too, would be gone from Jersey shore. Her California waited across the continent and visit with relatives was ending.

But, for now, the quiet beach all she needed, though the companionship of vacant, sandy footprints and dark windows salt-water taffy fascinated onlookers with a pink-and-white belly dance, she was someth-



more than a warm hand and a friendly voice. She sees ants crawl to the depths of thrown-away melted snow-cone cups just so they can mine a minor bit of sweet artificial raspberry syrup that remains in the sticky bottom. And in this she sees life.

Somewhere, far from the dance floor of the Steel Pier and the

convention halls of Atlantic City, she'd turn her eyes and thoughts from still and silent seas and drop them into textbooks. A vast sea of words and figures and facts waits back home in San Luis Obispo. And before she attempts to swim that sea again, she needs to drink from the ocean of tranquility and patience that lay before her tonight.

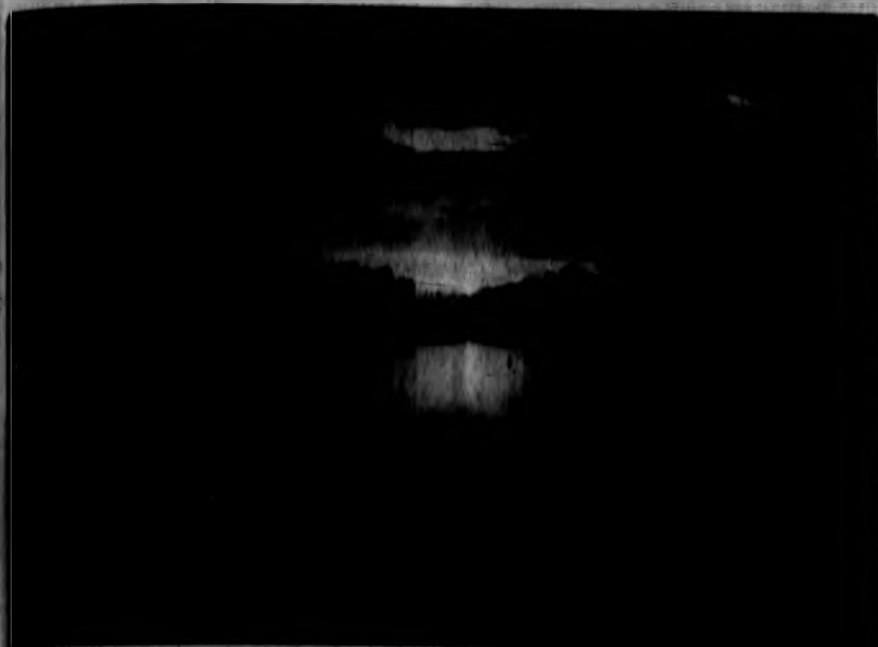
She needs to quaff a lot of this after-midnight-empty-beach-quiet-shop-Ocean City patience before she could even think about swimming in the Cal Poly sea.

It's a month later. The days are still sunny, as they often are on the central California Coast, well into the fall. The warmth is more disturbing than relaxing, however, as students scurry like squirrels in and out of holes that some call doorways. It's hectic and the pages are turning too fast to be read. Cal Poly is no different than any other university. Life flies by... It doesn't drift. One thing, though, it's close enough to the ocean.

Cal Poly has that in its favor. When things get too hectic and the books get too heavy, the seashore is a good place to go to mellow out.

Students from Cal Poly have such places as Montana De Oro, Hazard Canyon, Avila Beach, Pismo Beach, Shell Beach, Pirate's Cove, Morro Bay, Cayucos, and Cambria within easy distance of the university. And it is no coincidence that on sunny days or weekends before and after periods of study, these places are populated, largely, by students.

It was such a day for her. Since she'd returned to school from her



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vacation in New Jersey, she'd been working hard at getting back into the swing of things. She was physically and mentally exhausted and she needed some time to herself. As she sat in the cafe listening to the pseudo-intelligibility of some conversation at the table next to her, she longed to hear the gentle voice of the ocean. She decided to skip her evening class and wait the He walked out of his astronomy class and felt the sun. It was warm and it made him feel as if he should not be here, on campus. His head was too full of facts and figures to enjoy the warmth of the autumn rays. He, too, felt the call of the ocean. So he forgot the things he was supposed to do that day and headed for a thinking place beside the sea.

She arrived at the little cove at Montana de Oro at four in the afternoon. The wind was blowing and there was no one at the beach except one young man who stood on a rock in the distance. The waves were gentle despite the breeze and she got out of her car and out of her depression and, in a sense, out of herself, and began walking along the beach. The paddy laid her good between her legs and the wind that ran its fingers through her hair was a loving companion. She needed the seashore. She needed a place to think, feeling somewhat like a statue, with his face into the sea breeze. The ocean was vast before him and the salty sea made him think of the poem "Sea Fever" by John Masefield:

"I must go down to the sea again, To the lonely sea and the sky, And all I ask is a tall ship And a star to steer her by."

"Nice," he thought, noting the way the sky and the sea seemed to come together in the horizon. Almost as if in unison, almost as if they were one.

She sat on the beach with her knees curled up under her chin, watching as the sun dipped lower in the afternoon sky. She thought of all the poems and all the poets arising from situations like this.

"The tide rises, the tide falls,
Darkness comes, the curlew calls."
Who wrote it? Was it Longfellow?
Yes, it must have been. He must have felt this way.

She wondered about the young man in the distance. Why did he stay out there so long? Did he feel about seashores the way she felt about them? He looked almost like a statue; he stood so still and serene.

They both remained until the sun was almost down. She walked up and down the beach, feeling as if time had stopped for her...even if just for a few hours. He was sitting now, on the same point of rocks protruding into the ocean. He watched a seagull wheel in the sky, and it made him think of how that ferris wheel stood motionless on that lonely, lovely night in Santa Cruz. He thought of college as a ferris wheel...or better yet, a merry-go-round. While he was at Cal Poly that damn ferris wheel seemed to be going full speed. But now, at last, it was stopped again.

Finally he walked back along the beach. He would be able to face the world for another week or so. She, too, was ready to go back to the busy life.

She crossed the beach again, and noticed the young man walking toward her. At one time they had been three thousand miles apart, on opposite shores. Now, the sea seemed to be telling them to meet, pulling them together. They were very close and the gentle ocean and the setting sun made everything just right.

He raised his eyes from his seashell search, and they met hers. She blinked and he smiled. Then they passed, saying simply, "hello." □

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Secret Places...Shared

by Vicki Medgyesi Byllesby
photos by John Calderon

Poets have written about it.
Philosophers have tried to define it.
Musicians have listened to capture
its tune.

A universal desire: to find your
own place in the world. A secret
place where your thoughts are your
own and your fantasies become a
reality.

Three secret places...shared...

It sat squatting in the sun. The
white adobe walls absorbed the
light...gave off a cool touch.

It was a castle: isolated, im-
perious, secluded.

I wondered about its "queen".

Skirting the circular drive twice,
making sure the time was right...I
don't think I've been this nervous
since the sixth grade.

Maybe the dragon doesn't bite.

But still, it seemed a secret
place. The kind of place where you
wonder if your jeans are OK and
your shirt is clean.

I rang the bell.

The queen answered. Where were
the shady Harlequin glasses
and flowing Dior gown? My jeans
felt more comfortable.

"Hi. I'm Mary Kennedy," she
said, opening the oak door wide.
Stepping in, I wondered how I
missed the moat.

After that, it was easy sliding.

Mary Kennedy: the woman, the
wife of the president. Perched in
officialdom in the middle of a
university. A handsome woman, a
handsome room. Both cool,

composed, yet beckoning. Tasteful
but, surprisingly, the whole flavor
was more like apple pie than caviar
and toast.

Was this her haven? Her secret
place? Where do you go,
mysterious lady, who looks more
Mother than Queen?

"Secret places", she said,
smiling. "I can remember back to
high school when a librarian let me
use a little tower room for studying.
It was my own personal castle."

My mouth dropped. Was she
putting me on or reading my mind?

She shifted in her chair... "to be
secret means to set aside," she
mused quietly. "You know, a secret
place doesn't have to be a place at
all... It can just be a space inside
your mind. The ability to zero in on
something."

I could hear the birds outside; a
clock started ticking louder. It was
as if two strangers had suddenly
stepped over the line into slightly
embarrassing territory.

"But we do have this trailer," she
suddenly blurted out. "A trailer at
the beach. It's just like a little
playhouse. I leave my home and go
to the playhouse for a few hours. Of
course this house is home, but it
belongs to the state...and you
always have that feeling..."

"Life is simpler there. For a few
hours, life becomes simple and
intimate."

Words come easier now. No
longer strangers sitting in straight-
back chairs...but two people
reaching out, leaning forward,
sharing experiences.

"I think we need change," she
said. "A place to be alone with our
thoughts. There is something
refreshing in the movement...if there
wasn't, why would people always

be rushing to go... trying to find their own special niche?"

The thought triggered a memory, and her mind went to a time in Florence, Italy... Michelangelo had been commissioned by the Medici family to carve huge statues for a tomb. They were to be placed in marble niches. He never completed the figures and those marble hollows still stand empty... waiting for someone to slip in and take up the guard.

"Those perfect niches! Isn't that so human? We all want our personal enclaves to show us off to the best advantage... beautiful material things... all secret thoughts tucked safely in the corners."

I looked around. It wasn't a shabby hollow we were in now. Certainly not a \$80 a month you-share-the-bath flat. Not that she was slighting the castle. But it was as if her beach nest offered an intimate secret security. A place and time to forget that there were responsibilities to be met.

I had heard she was somewhat of a poet and I itched to see some of her work. Could I?

Laughing, she told me her "poetry" was a "rag-bag of thoughts." It was her form of secret therapy... her way of talking to God.

Slowly, she made her way to the desk, leaning on a cane, the temporary mark of a hip operation. Somehow, I got the impression she would have rather done a dignified jig down the hall.

Back she came, toting a ragged manila envelope, crammed with months and years of secret thoughts and observations.

"I can't say that I go to any particular place to write. The beach does give me a sense of freedom, but somehow I just don't write much there."

She began to read in a low, clear voice, affectionate words... almost caressing to the ear. I started to see that her secret place wasn't always a physical thing. It was these thoughts which lifted her up... gave her continuity.

Between poems, we sat in companionable silence. I wondered why I had thought she would be untouchable. Why had I come, defiantly, to find Mary Kennedy—the woman-person... stripped of all titles and trappings?

I hadn't wanted to find out about the President... or their children... "nothing official" I had promised myself. I was going to cut all that out... going to get down to the nitty-gritty.

But when I left, the house had shrunk in size. I realized that Mary Kennedy—the woman—couldn't be divided from those things... after all, you can't divide what isn't divisible.

... Shared

"I was kicking down the railroad tracks, bitter as hell. I'll get them, I told myself, I'll get them because they struck down my program... I'll get those bastards!"

Dr. Stanislaus J. Dundon, Philosophy. From the name springs visions of starched white fronts, mortarboards and black bow ties. In reality, the image runs more towards tee-shirts, striped flares and a scruffy pair of hi-tops in the best P-F Flyer tradition.

Young. A philosophical man minus the must. A teacher's teacher who sees his most important goal as bringing peace and happiness to the mind of a student.

"Sometimes I'll almost go haywire. But in teaching, just like anything, you can't always get what you think is best. When that happens, I strike out to be alone."

Dundon has his special places for meditation. Stop-gaps in time where he hangs his frustrations out to dry. Places where he hopes to rejuvenate what he calls the "strong interior life."

Those rusty rail tracks, stretching out with precise measured distance, snake a path back into the hills. One...two...three... four... the eyes blur as the feet hit the ties in a trance-like monotony.

He follows the tracks, winding up somewhere behind Poly Canyon. Battling down in the damp grass, the mind cleared; ready to paint clean thoughts on a fresh palette.

"I think the worse thing is to be angry, or to strike back at someone. When that starts happening, I head out. I don't really believe you need a place to go, but beauty helps to clear the mind."

The trick seems to be

not to look back... to appreciate the beauty without dwelling on it. The goal is to keep the mind clear and channeled.

The peacefulness of a tramp around Bishop's Peak brings on reflections of an old Chinese philosophy; that of the "interior cell"... the carrying of interior peace as a stabilizing force.

"When you go into your interior cell, it isn't like a retreat, says Dundon. "You don't really go into yourself, but you take all those outside influences along. You balance your motives to find a peaceful sense of purpose in what you're doing."

He settles back comfortably with his ideas, giving it all a chance to fall into perspective.

"You know, conflict only happens when you let other people's values out in on your own. Breaking away physically once in awhile is like a catalyst... it brings it all back together again."

... Shared

The sun was hovering on the edge of the sea—just about ready to topple over the rim—leaving a



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Secret Places

gentle wake as it a last hurrah.

It was a collage of gold and blue, pierced only by scorching sun who frantically dived for the last catch of the day.

The wind whipped across the sand—the grains refusing to budge an inch.

It was the kind of sunset countless photographers have captured, that thousands have caught their breath for. Yet, each time it happens, you'd swear there never been another quite as good.

An isolated strip of beach in San Simeon; a little colder, a little windier. The elements working in tandem to keep away all but the hardy.

For Ken Gordon, it's a place without time.

He describes himself as "a sawed-off guy with a mustache who likes people but can't handle the hassles. But as he works with his art, his photographs, he has a mixture of strength and gentleness. That certain kind of "bioness".

He slips away to the area to forget about pressures and to just let nature wipe clean the slate.

"It's different than an escape. Being here adds dimension, a quality, depth. I go for the beauty and the feeling of aloneness."

He talks with a certain respect, as if on cue, the seemingly untouchable serenity would melt.

"Life manipulates people as they start losing touch with themselves. There is something about the feeling of total aloneness that makes you see things for what they are," said Gordon.

Photographs of his 'place' hang on the walls of his house; a picture of himself imprinted in each glass pane. There is a recognizable sunset, the same grey-white gull; yet it is the wet footprint in the sand, a friend silhouetted against the surf that show the irrepressible pleasure of a solitary playground.

"I live in Morro Bay because it's a retreat from the hassles in San Luis," he said. "I guess you could say that the beach is just a step further than that. To remove myself from all the pressures... completely." □

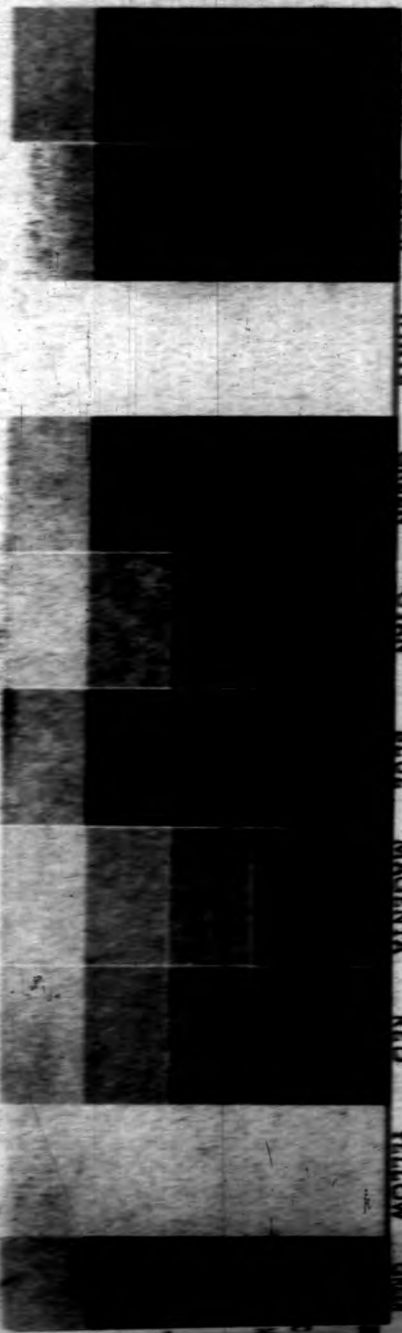
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